THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

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The following is copied from Helen Maria Williams's *letters from France.*

[Concluded.]

AUGUSTE made a declaration to the old officer of the ſentiment which his daughter had inſpired. The old gentleman mentioned it to Madelaine, and ſhe only anſwered by tears of which he perfectly underſtood the meaning. When Auguſte explained his ſituation with reſpect to his father, the officer deſired him to think of his daughter no more. Auguſte felt that he might as well have deſired him to ceaſe to breathe. He continued his viſits, and the officer was ſoon reduced to that ſtate of langour and debility which left him neither the power nor the wiſh to forbid them. His complaints increaſed every day, and were attended with many alarming ſymptoms. The ſeaſon for the waters of Bareges was now paſt, and all the company left the place, except the old officer, who was too weak to be removed, and Auguſte, who while Madelaine remained, had no power to tear himſelf from the ſpot. In a few weeks the old officer felt that his dying hour was near. Auguſte knelt with Madelaine at his bedſide—her voice was ſuffocated by tears; and Auguſte had ſcarcely power to articulate in broken accents that he would devote his life to the happineſs of Madelaine. The old officer fixed his eyes with a look of tender anxiety upon his daughter, and ſoon after expired. Madelaine mourned for her father with uncontrouled affection, nor could all the attentions of her lover diſpel that anguiſh with which her affectionate heart lamented the loſs of her parent.

The winter being far advanced, ſhe propoſed to defer her journey to the diſtant province where ſhe and her father had lived, until ſpring, and to place herſelf in the mean time in a convent not far from Bareges. Auguſte exerted all the eloquence of love to induce her to conſent immediately to a private marriage. She heſitated at this propoſal; and while they were converſing together on the ſubject, the door of the room in which they were ſitting was ſuddenly thrown open and Auguſte ſaw his father the Count de —— enter. He had heard of the attachment which detained his ſon at Bareges, and had haſtened to tear him from the ſpot before it was too late. He upbraided his ſon with great bitterneſs, and began alſo to upbraid Madelaine: but there was ſomething in her looks, her ſilence, and her tears, which ſtifled the terms of haughty reproach in which he was prepared to addreſs her; and ordering his ſon to leave the room, he deſired to ſpeak to her alone. After explaining to her the abſolute impoſſibility of her being ever united to his ſon, and his determination to diſinherit him, and leave his whole fortune to his ſecond ſon, if Auguſte ſhould perſiſt in his attachment to her—after endeavouring to awaken her pride and her generoſity, he deſired to know where ſhe propoſed going. She told him her intention of placing herſelf immediately in the convent of ——. He approved of this deſign, and left her to go to his ſon. No ſooner was the door of the room ſhut, than Madelaine gave way to thoſe tears which ſhe had ſcarcely been able to reſtrain while the Count was ſpeaking. She had never felt ſo ſenſibly her orphan condition as at this moment; and the dear remembrance of her fond father was mingled with the agony of diſappointed love.

Meantime the Count de —— declared to his ſon, that his only chance of ever obtaining his miſtreſs depended on his abſolute unconditional ſubmiſſion to his commands, and that he muſt inſtantly attend him to Paris. Auguſte eagerly enquired what was to become of Madelaine; and his father told him that ſhe had determined to take refuge in the convent of ——. Auguſte abſolutely refuſed to depart till he was allowed an interview with Madelaine. The Count was obliged to conſent; but before he ſuffered them to meet, he obtained a promiſe from Madelaine not to mention to her lover any particulars of the converſation which had paſſed between her and the Count.

Auguſte, in this laſt interview with Madelaine, atoned for the cruel diſdain of his father, by the moſt ſolemn and paſſionate aſſurances of fidelity, not to be ſhaken by time or circumſtance; and then, after attempting to leave the room ſeveral times, and returning as often, he at length tore himſelf away. Madelaine, when ſhe ſaw him depart, felt that every earthly hope had vaniſhed with him.

She ſet out early the next morning for the convent of ——; but not till after ſhe had ſat for ſome time weeping in the chair which Auguſte had occupied.

Madelaine paſſed the remainder part of the winter in the convent of ——, during which period ſhe received frequent letters from Auguſte; and when ſpring arrived he conjured her, inſtead of removing to her own province, to remain a little longer in her preſent ſituation; and flattered her with hopes of being able ere long to fulfil thoſe engagements upon which all his happineſs depended.

In the ſummer of this year an event took place which will render that ſummer for ever memorable. The French nation, too enlightened to bear any longer the monſtrous oppreſſions which ignorance of their juſt rights alone had tolerated, ſhook off its fetters, and the revolution was accompliſhed.

Madelaine was a firm friend to the revolution, which ſhe was told had made every Frenchman free. "And if every Frenchman is free," thought Madelaine "ſurely every Frenchman may marry the woman he loves." It appeared to Madelaine, that, putting all political conſiderations, points upon which ſhe had not much meditated, out of the queſtion, obtaining liberty of choice in marriage was alone well worth the troubles of a revolution; and ſhe was as warm a patriot from this ſingle idea, as if ſhe had ſtudied the declaration of rights made by the Conſtituent Aſſembly, in all its extent and conſequences.

The Count de ——, who was informed of the correſpondence between the two lovers, and who ſaw little hopes of his ſon's ſubduing a paſſion which this intercourſe of letters ſerved to cheriſh, contrived means to have Auguſte's letters intercepted at the convent. In vain Madelaine inquired with all the anxiety of tenderneſs for letters. In vain ſhe counted the hours till the return of the poſt days. Poſt after poſt arrived, and brought no tidings of Auguſte. Three months paſſed in the cruel torments of anxiety and ſuſpenſe, and were at length ſucceeded by deſpair. Madelaine believed ſhe was forgotten—forgotten by Auguſte!—She conſulted her own heart, and it ſeemed to her impoſſible; yet, after a ſilence of three months, ſhe could doubt no longer.

Poor Madelaine now recollected with anguiſh, inſtead of pleaſure, that all Frenchmen were free. She would have found ſome ſad conſolation in believing that all Frenchmen were ſlaves. It would have been ſome alleviation of her ſorrows if Auguſte had been forced to abandon her; and ſhe fancied ſhe could have borne to loſe him, if ſhe had been ſure that he ſtill loved her—it was loſing him by his own fault that filled her heart with pangs almoſt inſupportable.

The little pittance which Madelaine, after paying her father's debts, had left for her own ſupport, was inſufficient to defray her expenſes as a penſioner in the convent. She had already, by her ſweetneſs and gentleneſs, gained the affections of ſome of the nuns, to whom ſhe was alſo attached, and who inceſſantly conjured her to take the veil. "And why," ſhe ſometimes exclaimed, "why ſhould I heſitate any longer in ſo doing? Since Auguſte is loſt, what have I to regret in renouncing the world? What ſacrifice do I make? What happineſs do I reſign?"

Madelaine had no ties to the world, of which ſhe knew but little: but to ſeparate herſelf irrecoverably, and for ever, from him to whom her ſoul was devoted—to ſee him, to hear his voice no more—to take vows which would make it even a crime to think of him—to baniſh him even from my thoughts—alas! Madelaine felt like Eloiſa—

"All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
"Still rebel nature holds out half my heart!"

Sometimes too the idea occurred that Auguſte might love her ſtill—"And am I then," thought Madelaine, "going to reduce myſelf to a ſtate in which I ſhall be forced to wiſh he were unfaithful, in order to ſave me from the agonies of remorſe!"—She put off her thoughts of entering on her novitiate for ſome weeks longer—no letters arrived, and again her reſolution to take the veil returned. "Why," cried ſhe, "why ſhould I continue to lament that inconſtant lover who thinks of me no more? Alas, alas, did he not ſee the anguiſh of my ſoul at parting with him?—Does he not know the deſerted ſituation in which I am left?—Oh, yes! he knows I have no other refuge, no other reſource than taking the veil—no doubt he wiſhes to hear I have done ſo—he will find in my renunciation of the world ſome excuſe for his infidelity—Oh, heavens! will Auguſte hear then that I am ſeparated from him for ever without one ſigh?—Ah, why need I deliberate any longer?—My trials will ſoon be paſt—I feel that my heart will break—yes, death will come to my relief—and in heaven I ſhall find my father!"

Madelaine at length determined to join the holy ſiſterhood of the convent. The white veil for her novitiate was prepared. The day was fixed, when

prostrate with her face towards the earth, and with flowers scattered over her, and a part of her long tresses cut off, she was to enter upon that solemn trial preparatory to her eternal renunciation of the world—of Auguste!

A few days before that which was appointed for the ceremony, Madelaine was called to the parlour, where she found her lover, with some of the municipal officers of the town, wearing their national scarfs.

Madelaine, at the sight of Auguste, with difficulty reached a chair, in which she fell back senseless; while Auguste could not forbear uttering some imprecations against the iron grate by which they were separated, and which prevented him from flying to her assistance. He, however, procured help, and Madelaine recovered.

One of the municipal officers then informed her, that they had received the day before a decree of the National Assembly, forbidding any nuns to be professed. He added, that the municipality had already given information of this new law to the abbess, who had consented to allow Madelaine to leave the convent immediately. As he pronounced these last words, Madelaine looked at her lover. Auguste hastened to explain to her that his uncle, who loved him and pitied his sufferings, had at length made a will, leaving him his fortune upon condition that his father consented to his marriage with Madelaine.

When her lover and the municipal officers departed, Madelaine retired to her apartment, to give way to those delicious tears which were poured from a heart overflowing with wonder, thankfulness, and joy. When her first emotions had subsided, she began to pack up her little wardrobe in preparation for leaving the convent on the following day. "I always loved the revolution," thought Madelaine, as she laid aside the white gown in which she was to be married the next morning; "and this last decree is surely of all others the best and wisest—but if it had come too late!"—At this idea Madelaine took up the veil for her novitiate, which lay upon her table, and bathed it with a flood of tears.

The next morning Auguste and Madelaine were married in the parish-church of ——, and immediately after the ceremony set out for Paris, where they now live, and are, I am told, two of the happiest people and the best patriots in France.

BRUTAL CONTEST BETWEEN TWO INDIANS.

[*From Long's voyages and travels.*]

A MOHAWK, of the name of Scunnionsa, or the elk, and a Chippeway Indian of the name of Cark Cark, or the crow, having met a council of war near Crown point, in the year 1757, were extolling their own merits, and boasting of their superiority in taking scalps.—The Mohawk contended that he could take a larger scalp than the Chippeway warrior, who was very highly offended, and desired that the experiment might be made. They parted, each pursuing a different route, after having first agreed to meet at a certain place, on a particular day, when a council was to be held. At the time appointed they returned, and appeared at the council. The Mohawk laid down his scalp, which was the skin of the head and neck of a man stuffed with fine moss, and sewed up with deer's sinews, and the eyes fastened in. The chiefs expressed their approbation, and pronounced him to be great and brave. The Chippeway then rose, and, looking earnestly at the Mohawk, desired the interpreter to tell him that it was an old woman's scalp, which is considered as a term of great reproach, and called to one of his sons to bring forward his scalp; when instantly he exhibited to their view the complete skin of a man, stuffed with down feathers, and sewed very close with deer's sinews. The chiefs loaded him with praise, and unanimously acknowledged his superiority. The Mohawk warrior, fired with resentment, withdrew from the council meditating revenge; and as soon as he saw the Chippeway come forth, he followed him, and watching a convenient opportunity, dispatched him with his tomahawk, rejoicing that he had, even in this dastardly manner, got rid of a victorious rival.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

To Miss V——.

O THOU, whose love inspiring air
Delights, yet gives a thousand woes,
My day declines in dank despair,
And night hath lost her sweet repose—

Yet who alas like me was blest,
To others e'er thy charms were known,
When fancy told my raptur'd breast
That V—— smil'd on me alone.

Nymph of my soul, forgive my sighs;
Forgive the jealous fires I feel,
Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies
When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo, theirs is every winning art,
With fortune's gifts unknown to me
In love with innocence and thee.

W——.

THOUGHTS ON A RING,

Given to the author by a friend.

HAIL, little type of constancy in love!
Thou fairest emblem of the blest above!
Where nought exists, and therefore nothing known,
But that pure stream that mingles all in one;
The source of Being whom Creation owns,
Existence' Fountain, and the Stars' its Suns.
Nor less a type of that Eternity,
Whose vast dura[illegible] marks Infinity;
That endless ro[illegible]t no beginning knew;
That none can [illegible]e and no eye pursue;
In whose dark womb huge worlds in embryo lie,
All time absorbs and unborn ages die.
Sweet emblem too of nuptial union found
Where faithful hearts by faithful hands are bound;
Where, knit in one, its joys are doubly great,
While griefs imparted lessen half their weight:
Itself a type of bonds still more divine,
When Nature's God his new-born Church shall join!
Go, then, sweet toy, and let my friendship be
In all consistent, and a type of thee!

ANNULUS.

* *The Angels.*

THE MEDLEY.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Sir Thomas Moore was Ambassador from Henry VIIIth to the Emperor of Morocco, the morning he was to have an audience, he called for a bumper of sack, drank it, and asked for another; the servant would have dissuaded him from it, but could not; he drank that off, and afterwards a third: He then insisted on a fourth; but being overpersuaded by his servants he let it alone. When he returned from his audience, "You rogue, (said he to his man) what mischief have you done me! I spoke so well to the Emperor, on the inspiration of the three glasses I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world: Now, you scoundrel, had I drank the fourth glass, I had been fit to govern the whole world."

TRANSPOSITIONS.

OVEL—if transpos'd aright
Will bring a noble theme to light.

Asp and *sion*—both cemented
Will spell what seldom is prevented.

Heart—If you transpose with care
An element it will appear.

FIVE REASONS FOR DRINKING.

GOOD wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by;
Or any other reason why.

HINTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

REFINEMENT in love is the very quixotism of philosophy; for the sexes of all animals unite on the same great principle; and for the same great purpose that plants grow, the sun shines, and rain falls.

Perfection of all kinds, natural as well as moral, seems in this world quite an exotic. Among the vast number of female faces which one sees every where in this metropolis, how rare is it to meet with one unexceptionably beautiful! And who knows not that blockheads compose the majority in every profession.

What is an author by profession but a spider, who lives on the product of his own bowels? And what is a critic, but a wasp, who demolishes without mercy his means of subsistence, and starves himself to death?

EPITAPH.

On human life.

Ehen! Fugaces. Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni!

BE early wise, lest prudence come too late!
Think how To-morrow steals us from To-day,
And leave the spendthrift further in arrear
To purposes unfinished! 'Till Old Time,
Who lends on usury, calls on the account,
And takes the body, for its debts unpaid,
Foreclosing life in the *insolvent* tomb!

A Countryman reading the Bible to his wife, where it is stated that Solomon had *three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines*, the good woman, in a tone of surprise, said she was sure he did not read it right, and insisted upon looking at the passage herself; when, having conn'd it over two or three times, and satisfied that is was so, she looked up in her husband's face, and chucking him gently under the chin, exclaimed, "*Eh! what a simple Solomon wouldst thou make!*"

Anecdote of Dr. Goldsmith.

A poor woman who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter, to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a melancholy state by continual anguish. The good natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking fast into that worst of sickness, poverty. The Doctor told them they should hear from him in an hour, when he should send some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas in a chip box with the following label:—"These must be used as your necessities require; be patient and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his pupils could administer for his relief.

Philadelphia, *Sept.* 19.

We hear, that a government veſſel is arrived at Norfolk, from France—and that an expreſs arrived in town on Thurſday evening with diſpatches for the French Miniſter, which contain important intelligence, viz. That all proſpect of Peace with England and Spain had vaniſhed, the Terms contended for by thoſe Powers being deemed inadmiſſible on the part of France—That the Chouans had been repeatedly beaten, and that Mayence had ſurrendered.

We have peruſed a number of letters from New-York dated yeſterday; they all give the moſt alarming and gloomy accounts of the progreſs and ravages of the epidemic diſorder in that city.—Among the victims who died on the 16th inſt. are Mr. Tillinghaſt Deputy Collector, and Mr. Samuel Loudon, jun. Printer of the Diary, one of the New-York Daily papers. It appears that the Sickneſs has ſpread to various parts of the city.

One letter ſays that "yeſterday and laſt night forty three perſons have died"—this is probably a report founded on the ſtatement of the Health Committee.

It appears that many of the Citizens of New-York are removing—while we moſt ſincerely condole with them on the occaſion—it can not be conſidered as improper to ſuggeſt to the Guardians of this City, the great importance of vigilance. And we are happy to hear that effectual meaſures are purſuing to carry into full effect the Governor's Proclamation. [*Gaz. U. S.*]

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS.

New-York, September 15.

"It is a very ſerious time: the deaths, by what I can learn, are more frequent this extreme hot weather—As it is now, the diſeaſe ſeems principally confined to Water ſtreet, though it has ſpread into different parts of the town. I heard of 8 funerals yeſterday though not all of the prevailing diſorder."

September 16.

"We are now leaving town, and 'tis uncertain how long we may ſtay. Our epidemic appears not to abate, and is a good deal in our neighbourhood, (the fifth ward) which as well as having little to do, induces us to leave home."

September 16.

"My family and myſelf leave the city to-morrow morning."—This letter mentions ſeveral other families who are about leaving the city.

AUTHENTIC.

New-York, September 4, 1795.

SIR,

THE Committee of Health in the City obſerving that Governor Mifflin's proclamation prohibiting for a time all intercourſe between the cities of Philadelphia and New-York, is founded principally, if not altogether, upon the repreſentation made to him by the Inſpectors of the Board of Health for the city and liberties of Philadelphia, and that the evidence which induced ſuch a declaration to the Governor, proceeded from the peruſal of a number of letters from ſeveral merchants in this city.

The committee are ſo thoroughly perſuaded that any information the Inſpectors of the Board of Health may have received, which can juſtify the proclamation in queſtion, is unfounded, that they have directed me to requeſt from you, as Chairman to the Board of Heath for the city and liberties of Philadelphia *copies of the ſeveral letters as far as reſpects ſuch information, together with the names of the gentlemen who wrote them*, and to expreſs a hope that on future occaſions, the Inſpectors of the Board will do them the juſtice to believe them full as capable, and equally diſpoſed with any individuals of this city to give every neceſſary information on a ſubject ſo intereſting to the happineſs and intereſts of both places.

I am reſpectfully,
Sir,
Your obedient humble ſervant,
JOHN BROOME,
Chairman of the H. Committee.

Mr. Richard Tittermary,
Chairman of the Board
of Health, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, September 8, 1795.

SIR,

Your letter of the 4th inſtant came to hand on Saturday, and yeſterday I laid it before a Board of Inſpectors of Health; after deliberately conſidering the contents, the Board were unanimouſly of opinion that to give up the names of perſons who might have thought proper, in a confidential manner, to convey their ideas reſpecting the prevailing diſorder to their friends here, would be ſo great a breach of confidence as muſt ſubject the Inſpectors to ſevere reproach; this they conceive a ſufficient reaſon for not complying with your requeſt.

The Inſpectors of Health have did not form their opinion wholly from information by letters received from New-York, but partly from the Reports of your Committee publiſhed from time to time.

The Board of Health are now happy to learn that the diſorder is greatly abated, and doubt not but in the courſe of a few days the intercourſe between the two cities will be reinſtated.

I am with much reſpect,
Sir,
Your very humble ſervant,
RICHARD TITTERMARY,
Chairman of the Board of Health.

Mr. John Broome, Chairman
of the Health Committee,
New-York.

EXTRACT.

"The new conſtitution of France is beautiful if not unexceptionable. It guarantees the freedom of opinions, equality, property, and liberty, in the moſt extenſive ſenſe.

"It avoids moſt of the exceptionable parts of our own. It has an excellent bill of Rights; and cheriſhes the mechanic arts, and relies on the middling intereſt, as the foundation of its power.

"It provides explicitly againſt the ſpirit of a monarchy, being prevalent over the genius of Republicaniſm, and it puts it out of the power of an individual to ſay of a very popular character,

"Curſe on his virtues they'll undo his country," for it gives no man a preponderating influence."

BOSTON, September 7.

We learn from good authority, that Mr. Randolph was at Newport, and converſed with Mr. Fauchet. He ſpent with that gentleman, the whole of the evening previous to his ſailing for France, and was to have had an interview with him the next day, but the wind being unexpectedly favourable to the departure of the Meduſa, prevented it; he however ſent a verbal meſſage to Mr. Randolph, apologizing for the impoſſibility of his ſeeing him that day; but informing him, that he had incloſed to citizen Adet, his anſwers to the ſeveral queſtions aſked by Mr. R. What theſe queſtions and anſwers are, time will develope; but we cannot at preſent conjectur[illegible]

SHIP NEWS—Extra.

"Yeſterday arrived in port the Intelligence, of 70 tons burthen, captain Information, 46 days from London, laden with treaties of Amity, Commerce and Navigation. Captain I. informs, that July 4th, in lat. 35, 37, he ſpoke Admiral Jay's ſenatorial ſquadron from Boſton, bound to the Weſt-Indies, conſiſting of the ſloop Extraordinary, of 70 tons, captain Envoy, the ſloop Negociation, of 43 tons, captain Treaty; the ſhallop Commerce, of 35 tons, captain Navigation, laden with the national rights of a free people, viz. Independence, under convoy of two frigates, commanded by captains Pitt, and Plenipotentiary—all well.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

PARODY

On Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.

A war—or not a war—that is the queſtion.
Whether 'tis moſt adviſable to ſuffer
The ſcoffs and hatred of our ruthleſs maſters:
Or to take arms againſt their impoſitions:
And, by oppoſing, end them?—To crouch—be free
No more?—and by ſubmiſſion, ſay we end
The ſcourge of war, and modify the curſe
That we are doom'd to—is this a meaſure
So devoutly wiſh'd for? To fall—ſubmit—
Submit—perchance be yok'd—ay, there's the rub—
For in the death of freedom we may dream
Of vaniſh'd glory for our conſolation:
When we're converted to a herd of ſlaves,
Shall we find reſt? Such abject acts,
Would make calamity exiſt forever:
For why ſhould we endure a tyrant's ſcorn—
Th' oppreſſor's wrong and proud men's courtly ſneer,
The pangs of rights deſpis'd, and wiſhes thwarted,
The inſolence of rulers, and the inſults
That patriots ſuffer from oppreſſion's hand—
When we might curb ſuch palpable injuſtice
By our bare fate? Who would fardels bear,
To ſweat and groan beneath the yoke of bondage,
But that the conſtant dread of ſomething worſe
Thoſe noiſome dungeons, from whoſe diſmal bourn
Few pris'ners return) frightens mankind;
And makes us rather bear our preſent ills,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus ſov'reign frowns intimidate us all:
And thus the ardent glow of reſolution
Is ſickly'd o'er with awful apprehenſions;
And paſt atchievements of great pith and moment,
Now chang'd to ſloth, their currents turn away,
And man is loſt in baſeneſs.

MARRIED,

On Thurſday evening laſt, Mr. Joſeph Lyon to Miſs Abigail Wilſon, both of this city.

That part of holy writ which ſays, "*that the time will come when the Lyon ſhall lie down with the lamb*" is now fulfilled we hope.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IT ſeems that Miſs C— A— who addreſſed Mr. A—B— in our laſt, is an impoſter. But we think the indignant ſwain very rude in calling the lady ſuch a hard name as "infidious wretch."

AMAN has been attacked from various quarters; but as the READER was the origin of the diſpute, we ſhall leave him to decide the conteſt.

C's "Stanzas for the cure of corneus excreſcences on the hands." A ſtrange freak in the muſes! for who would imagine that poetry was neceſſary in the cure of warts?

COLLIN's verſes on a lady's bathing. Why did not the ſacrilegious poet ſhut his eyes?

TOBY is in a paſſion. He handles AQUARIS rather cavalierly. But with a little modification he ſhall appear in our next.

Court of Apollo.

THE HISTORY OF MONARCHY.

THE infernal king, enrag'd to find
His *angels* from their thrones were hurl'd,
To wreak his vengeance on mankind,
Let monarchs loose to plague the world.

Soon as the *Devil's Vicegerents* came,
Millions on millions round them fell—
They call'd the wide deſtruction fame,
—Well pleas'd to do the works of hell.

O'er lands, o'er ſeas, in haſte, they flew;
Search'd every clime where man was found—
O'er heaven's beſt works a ſhade they drew,
And trampled nations to the ground.

Their miſcreants, ſpread to Europe's verge,
Wide through the land, diſtracted roam;
Till France, who long had felt the ſcourge,
Roſe to revenge—and ſent them home.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Meſſrs. Printers,

THE goddeſs of arts and ſciences has ever evinced her particular regard for political *literature, in the taſk ſhe aſſumed under the cloak of Mentor (ſee Telemachus by Fenelon) It appears then that your writer under the ſignature of Amen, being quite ignorant of the meaning of literature, made an improper apology for the admittance of his ſpurious remarks on the late production, entitled the Federal Politician. However paſſing over the queſtion in ſilence, whether politics deſerve your attention or not, I depend upon your notorious impartiality, that a ſhort anſwer to an impertinent attack, will be favoured with a place.*

It would be, indeed, a great negligence in me, if after having handed to the public through your uſeful gazette, an exact ſketch of the ſaid work, I ſhould ſuffer ignorant ſcribblers to depreciate with calumnies and low cenſure, the merit of the author and his production. I deſpiſe (and every decent citizen will) all billingſgate terms, directed to ridicule virtue and eclipſe truth. I only follow ſound reaſoning, and would feel the greateſt ſatisfaction that all my competitors would be guided by the ſame criterion.

The real point, gentlemen, is, that your writer knows nothing about the Federal Politician, nor has he given the leaſt conjecture of his having read it. All the ſubſcribers and learned citizens, who have peruſed it, unanimouſly agree (I am convinced from numerous opinions heard on the ſubject) that it is the moſt ſolid, inſtructive, and beneficial production of the kind, that ever appeared in America. That philoſophy, patriotiſm and friendſhip, *which your writer for want of candor denies it, ſhine conſpicuouſly throughout its pages.*

It is not worth while to honour *him with any quotation or proof, becauſe he ſeems to underſtand none, and not diſpoſed to admit any. By his enraged ſtyle, he appears to be one of thoſe* good ſouls *particularly noticed in Chap. 5 paragraph 7, or belonging to that hierarchy, who lament the ſuppreſſion of the ſixth chapter, entitled* political ſocieties, their object, ſyſtem, proceedings, &c. *Be it as it may, neither his tongue nor pen can hurt the credit of a work, which is above the reach of his perception and cenſure. Pleaſe, however, to let him know, that if he ſuppoſes himſelf able to diſcuſs any point whatever of the ſaid work, a challenge is given him upon good grounds, and on the impartiality of our readers we ſhall depend for a fair and candid trial. If the* limits *of your paper* cannot *admit (according to his ſuppoſition) our occaſional debates, ſeveral there are in this city, which (I dare ſay) are ever anxious to enlighten the people with ſound information. And, finally, I pity the cowardice of Mr. Amen, in ſtabbing like an aſſaſſin in the dark, and running away immediately for ſhelter, panic ſtruck, declining the controverſy for fear of an equal retaliation. I, notwithſtanding, wiſh for his recovery; and have the honour to aſſure you, gentlemen, that my obſervations will end here, provided your writer may not play the ſame trick again under his anonymous, or ſome other* prothean *diſguiſe; in which caſe I ſhall be under the painful neceſſity of again intruding on your paper, for the ſupport of a juſt cauſe.*

A READER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Meſſrs. Printers,

AS I have obſerved in your paper of Saturday-week, an eſſay under the title of the Naturaliſt, I ſhall take the liberty of ſtating a few obſervations on the opinions of that philoſopher. *I ſhall not attempt to combat the epicurean ſyſtem of coſmogony, which he has embraced in its full extent; nor take a trip with him to the ſun for "eventual deſtruction:" but proceed to examine his "novel doctrine" of diſſolution. He ſays, "The habitable part of this globe will be deſtroyed by the continual deſcent of rains upon the face of the earth, and the ſea by gradual approaches will cover the ſummits of the higheſt mountains. The action of water is known to excavate or wear all ſolid bodies; and while the atmoſpheric laws continue, every deſcent of rain will wear away a portion of the earth's ſurface. Of this we have occular proof whenever the ſtreams are raiſed by ſudden inundations: the water as it flows, is impregnated with a yellowiſh kind of earth, which is waſhed from the hills, and this earth impelled forward towards the ſea, contributes to the formation of iſlands or ſounds."*

Let me aſk this philoſopher what then he means to do with theſe hills, after he has marched them off into the ſea and formed them into iſlands? Will they not riſe in rebellion againſt him, by affording a comfortable and ſafe retreat to mortals? Well may Aquaris cry aloud for revenge for his ancient element, thus ſacrilegiouſly uſurped! But to quit the logic of Toby, and to follow that of reaſon, I ſhall proceed to ſhew upon what a watery foundation he has built his ſyſtem.

1. To prove that the mountains are not diſſolving away, I ſhall only ſtate the obſervations of Mr. Howel on mount Etna; who appears to have ſurveyed it with more accuracy than any modern traveller.

"It appears from the quantities of marine bodies depoſited all over the under part of Etna, that it muſt have been once covered by the ſea to at leaſt half its preſent height. The whole iſland of Sicily, and the greateſt part of mount Etna have been formed under water."

And indeed examine all the moſt remarkable mountains in the world, and you find the remains of extinguiſhed volcanoes; which ſhews that they have riſen from the plains, by the frequent eruptions of lava that have taken place from their craters: therefore the probability is, that, although by the force of the external elements, the old mountains may in ſome meaſure decreaſe; yet, that decreaſe will be fully ſupplied in other places by the internal ones.

2. That the ſea is not advancing on the land. As a full proof of this, I ſhall only preſent to the reader the following quotation.

"The modern philoſophers of Sweden, ſeem agreed that the waters of the Baltic gradually ſink in a regular proportion, which they have ventured to eſtimate at half an inch every year. Twenty centuries ago, the flat country of Scandinavia muſt have been covered by the ſea; while the high lands roſe above the waters, as ſo many iſlands of various forms and dimenſions. Such indeed is the notion given us by Mila, Pliny and Tacitus, of the vaſt countries round the Baltic ſea in the Bibliotheque Raiſonee, tom. 11 and 14, a large abſtract of Dalin's hiſtory of Sweden, compoſed in the Swediſh language."

The following extract from Gibbon, fully corroborates the above.

"In the remote darkneſs of the north, the ancients imperfectly deſcried a frozen ocean, that lay beyond the Baltic ſea, and beyond the peninſula, or iſlands of Scandinavia."

Let not Snub, Toby or the Naturaliſt ſuppoſe by this, that I am of opinion the ſurface of land is increaſing, no, my opinion is, that (ſetting aſide the productions of art) whatever changes the phænomena of nature are making in the appearance of the earth, that all theſe changes preſent an exact balance; that is, when any part of the earth has diſappeared, ſome other part nearly an equal quantity of ſurface appears.

September 1, 1795. *ZENO.*

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